

HACKTIVIST

by

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INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

A fair-haired seventh grade boy sits at a school lunch table. He's very much alone - disconnected in every way. This is ED HICCOX, and he's both brilliant and awkward - now, they'd say somewhere 'on the spectrum.'

His mushy lasagna sits untouched next to a chunky Toshiba laptop - because it's 2003.

Across the cafeteria, surrounded by friends at the popular table, another boy notices him. Good-looking, outgoing NATE GRAFT makes his way over. On the surface, they couldn't be more different.

But Nate's eyes get big as he sees Ed's screen...

NATE

That's the school's central server.
You got in by mirroring their security
protocol. Nice.

Ed's surprised at Nate's knowledge - as he continues to navigate through the server.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'm Nate by the way.

ED

(not looking up)
I know. You do student council and
football.

NATE

Oh, okay. And you are...

ED

Ed. I do this.

His hands fly across the keyboard.

ED (CONT'D)

I found a discretionary fund for
student enjoyment that had never
even been touched. That didn't seem
fair.

Just then, across the lunchroom, two delivery guys show up with twenty pizzas each. The lunchroom erupts in cheers.

Nate looks back to Ed who just shrugs.

ED (CONT'D)

The lasagna sucks.

Nate smiles.

NATE

Yeah. It kinda does.

As Nate sits down directly across from Ed and pulls out his own laptop, we MATCH CUT TO...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

NATE GRAFT (20s, shaggy, handsome, athletic) sits directly across from ED HICCOX (20s, smaller, still brilliant, still awkward) in a small office. They both have their laptops.

Super: Fifteen Years Later

NATE

Steam-powered defense flytrap - really?

ED

It's actually kind of difficult. Surprised you haven't dated it, Nate.

NATE

Whoa - that a joke, Ed?

Ed cracks the tiniest of smiles - as his fingers continue to fly over his keyboard.

ED

More a data-driven observation than a joke.

NATE

But a funny one. When did you get funny?

ED

Apparently, just past that fourth firewall. Did you reroute...

NATE

Yup. Spaghetti dinner for the flytrap. It's in the...

ED

...loop. I see it. We are in the power grid and cloaked.

Their shorthand clearly has a shorthand.

NATE

I wouldn't say difficult - I would say complicated.

ED

For the girls or the flytrap?

NATE

Why would I still be talking about
the flytrap?

ED

There's something in the code - a
marker. Someone's been here.

NATE

FYI, I...am...enjoying...your pitstop.

As they catch each other's look, it's clear that they're not
just hacking, they're competing.

Ed speeds his pace.

NATE (CONT'D)

And we...have...

ED

...flipped the switches.

(then)

You do realize this is exactly what
the bad guys do, right?

NATE

I wouldn't say *exactly*.

ED

Why not?

NATE

Because we're not the bad guys.

Their hands come off the keys at the same time.

ED

Done!

NATE

Done!

Beat. Then...

ED

You won.

NATE

You won.

Beat. Then...

NATE (CONT'D)

I know.

Ed scowls as Nate whips off his T-shirt; his abs have abs. He throws on a white-button down, then a black tux jacket.

As Ed grabs his own tux jacket, a voice comes from... somewhere...

VOICE (O.S.)

We have arrived.

There's a HANDLE - right there on the wall.

Nate yanks it open - because we've been in the back of an epically converted Sprinter Van this whole time.

EXT. SPRINTER VAN - EVENING

The door opens to reveal TYLER McCONNELL (20s) - the company's female COO whose wit is as razor-sharp as her bangs.

TYLER

You're late.

NATE

You forgot to say fashionably.

TYLER

And you forgot I'm your COO - not your alarm clock.

ED

Hey, you guys got me this close to a party - should we go in before I find an excuse to leave?

Nate extends a hand.

NATE

Lead the way.

ED

Thank you. Also, *I* won.

Nate smiles.

NATE

I know.

The Sprinter van pulls away to reveal a chaotic red carpet entrance to a massive party.

EXT. RED CARPET - YOURLIFE PARTY - EVENING

Nate, Ed, and Tyler make their way down the red carpet. A huge banner reads: *Two Billion*.

Talking heads from every major media outlet are there - and we bounce quickly between them as they talk to their cameras.

HOST #1

We all know the story.

HOST #2

Best friends from childhood, Nate Graft and Ed Hiccox started as do-gooder global 'hacktivists'...

A drop-dead gorgeous woman in stilettos approaches, and Nate kisses her on the cheek. This is his date, PAULINA.

HOST #3

They then took that technology to the private sector and built the largest, most connected social media empire in the history of Silicon Valley.

PAPARAZZI (O.S.)

Nate, Paulina - over here!

Nate and Paulina expertly turn and pose for the hordes of paparazzi that line the red carpet.

HOST #3

Can you remember your life before YourLife? I can't. And neither can any of their now two billion users.

As Nate and Paulina continue to pose...

PAPARAZZI

Can we get Ed please!

Off to the side, Ed tries to blend into the background. He shakes his head - no.

PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

Let's get Nate and Ed together!

Ed looks to Nate, who shrugs - you know the deal.

Paulina steps to the side, as a reluctant Ed joins Nate on the red carpet.

HOST #4 (O.S.)

So tonight, we're really here to celebrate two people - Nate and Ed. Geniuses, founders, and oh by the way, the two most successful twenty-somethings in the world.

ED

(under his breath)

Start a company, it'll be fun.

As a bulb flashes, the screen blows out to white, and we WIPE TO...

INT. CONVERTED WAREHOUSE - YOURLIFE PARTY - EVENING

The party. And it's Silicon Valley excess to the extreme - dancers in cages, a live panther, and a massive EDM DJ on the tables.

Nate thrives in it; Ed puts up with it.

Ed sees a familiar face and drifts over to SUPNA (20s, brilliant, quiet).

ED

I didn't think I'd see you here.

SUPNA

Because I don't work at YourLife or because...

ED

...you hate parties?

SUPNA

Introverts unite.

They share a smile. And then Ed pivots...

ED

How's our search coming?

SUPNA

Slowly. She's not an easy person to find.

ED

Trust me. I know.

(then)

What about taking the next step?

SUPNA

(hesitant)

Are you sure? That brings a lot of things into play.

But just then, they're interrupted by...

SHERYL (O.S.)

Ed!

SHERYL BURNS (40s), a board member who's both warm and accomplished.

She hands Ed a champagne flute, and pulls him over to Nate - as Ed shrugs an apology to Supna.

Sheryl raises his glass to both of them.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

From the back of a garage to two billion users - not bad, gents. Here's to continued success.

Nate can read her.

NATE

And...

SHERYL

And to the understanding that if we stop growing, then we start dying.

ED

Isn't that pleasant.

Nate smiles and toasts. Ed just toasts.

INT. SAME - FEW MINUTES LATER

A few minutes later, over by the front stage, Paulina takes a selfie with Nate. And then another.

NATE

So hey, we have that charity arm of the company. Would you want to...

PAULINA

(looking at her phone)

How did she already post that before me? Bitch.

She spots another model-type across the dance floor and stomps in that direction.

NATE

Or not.

TYLER (O.S.)

Which one's this again?

Nate turns to find Tyler making her way over.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Mina? Karina? Argentina?

NATE

Paulina.

TYLER

Paulina, right.

She looks over to where Paulina berates another model for apparent selfie transgressions.

TYLER (CONT'D)

She seems lovely.

NATE

She hasn't slapped me yet.

TYLER

Give her time. That does tend to happen.

NATE

Only when I don't deserve it.

(then, off her look)

Okay fine, I did deserve it. But you had already broken up with me. The slap seemed gratuitous.

TYLER

It gave me closure.

NATE

It gave me whiplash.

TYLER

Which helped give me closure.

Then, she leans in close.

TYLER (CONT'D)

But...

She adjusts his bow-tie carefully, maybe even intimately.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I am proud of you. For all of this.

And Nate, this dashing, well-spoken playboy...just melts. Because that's what Tyler does to him.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Don't get a big head about it.

NATE

Too late.

Across the party, Sheryl motions to Nate. It's time.

INT. STAGE - YOURLIFE PARTY - EVENING

As Nate and Ed take the stage...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the co-founders
of YourLife - Nate Graft and Ed
Hiccox!

Ed gives a little wave, as Nate cups his hand to his ear - imploring the raucous crowd to get even louder.

NATE

Thank you, thank you! And we truly
mean that - thank you. It's because
of all of you that we are here tonight -
as YourLife celebrates its two
billionth user!

As the crowd cheers again, the massive video board behind Nate and Ed blinks to life.

Jumbled letters flash across the screen: **ALL YOUR BASE ARE BELONG TO US.**

Nate and Ed share a look - WTF?

Nate looks across at Tyler, who stands in the wings of the stage. She holds up her hands - I have no idea.

NATE (CONT'D)

We seem to be having a few technical
issues here.

On the screen, there are now crazy-fast cuts of imagery - jack-booted soldiers marching, demagogues orating, villages burning. And finally - of Nate giving a speech.

NATE (on screen)

YourLife is the first and only social
media company in the world where
your data is totally protected -
your privacy means everything to us.

Giant letters then flash - **LIES**.

Ed speed-walks over to the wings, and joins Tyler in front of her CPU.

TYLER

It's running ghost. Someone's taken it over.

On-screen now are grotesque, puppet-like caricatures of Nate and Ed. Their mouths are made to move...

GARBLED VOICE (on screen)

We say that we help you, that we make your life easier. But really, we spy on you and then lie about it. We are Big Brother, and we are the enemy.

Ed tries to hack into Tyler's computer - but he's locked out. He looks over to Nate - no go.

Nate turns toward the crowd, tries to keep it casual.

NATE

Obviously, this is just some sort of prank. We'll get it under control ASAP and...

But now, the screen fills with login names, passwords, private photos, texts, pin codes.

And in the crowd, faces go white.

PARTY-GOER #1

Hey, that's my password.

PARTY-GOER #2

My pin code.

PARTY-GOER #3

My bank account.

PARTY-GOER #4

That's...everything.

The crowd's getting worked up. And not in a good way.

On screen, a massive red X smashes across Nate and Ed's caricatured faces.

GARBLED VOICE (on screen)

We are The Tower, and we know what you have done.

(MORE)

GARBLED VOICE (on screen) (CONT'D)

You must now publish every way that
you spy on your users. If you ignore
our demands, it will get worse. This
is not a warning. The darkness is
the light.

That last bit then scrolls across the entire screen.

The darkness is the light

The darkness is the light

The darkness is the light

The darkness is the light

Ed stares at the screen - his expression tight.

Meanwhile, the whole place is ramping up into chaos when a
STRIKING, RAVEN-HAIRED WOMAN takes Nate by the arm up on
stage. Nate's distracted...

NATE

Sorry, I'm here with someone.

BRYNN

Don't flatter yourself, fella.

Nate turns and takes her in.

NATE

I'm also kind of in the middle of a
crisis.

BRYNN

And I'm the one person that can get
you out of it.

(then)

Brynn Ori. I run a task force on
cyber-crime. I'd show you my badge,
but this gown's a real bitch for
pockets.

INT. YOURLIFE PARTY - LATER IN THE EVENING

Authorities direct party-goers to the exits. The festive
mood is now somewhere between shocked and pissed.

EXT. BALCONY - YOURLIFE PARTY - EVENING

Outside on the balcony, Nate and Ed stand with Brynn.

BRYNN

My team's been investigating The
Tower for some time.

NATE

How? The Tower's a hacker fairy tale.

ED

Anonymous meets Bigfoot meets a ghost.

BRYNN

Incorrect, gentlemen. They are a very real black-hat hacker syndicate. We had intel they'd make a move, which is why we're here tonight.

ED

Great job stopping them.

BRYNN

Great job lying to them.

ED

We don't lie, and we don't spy.

BRYNN

Said the guy. With the tie.

NATE

I guarantee you all those passwords were hacked out of other sites. Our users know that our data is protected and anonymous.

From outside the building, angry chants come from the crowd.

ANGRY CROWD (V.O.)

You stole my life, YourLife!

ANGRY CROWD #2 (V.O.)

Hey Nate and Ed, go to hell!

BRYNN

Yeah. They love you guys.

(then)

But you're right, Ed - we weren't able to stop The Tower tonight. Because we need your help.

ED

Our help how?

BRYNN

With the monsters on your servers. The Tower's used YourLife for years to organize and expand - just like a ton of other extremists, militias, hate groups...

NATE

We don't support any of those.

BRYNN

Prove it. Give us access to your servers - the most powerful collection of data in the history of mankind.

ED

What part of protected and anonymous did you not understand?

BRYNN

What part of them trying to destroy you did you not understand?

NATE

I think what he's saying is...

ED

No. A thousand times no.

NATE

That.

BRYNN

Funny - I thought that's how this would go.

She pulls out a TABLET from her purse, and hands it over to Nate - who starts to scroll through.

NATE

What the hell is this?

ED

It's us.

We ANGLE ON the screen to see pictures, records, police files, and video files.

BRYNN

Correct. A detailed record of every hack that you two have done since you were 15.

We see their past - funneling money to Tunisian rebels, hacking voting machines to bring down a corrupt politician, and so on, and so on.

BRYNN (CONT'D)

I give you guys credit. Most of these were magnanimous as hell. But they were all illegal.

(MORE)

BRYNN (CONT'D)

Including when you hacked the city's power grid 90 minutes ago as a promotional stunt.

NATE

(beat, then)

I don't know what you're talking about.

BRYNN

(smiles, then)

It's pretty simple. We indict you both and take your company. Or you help us go after The Tower and save said company in the process. Seems like an easy choice to me.

From nearby, Tyler watches as Brynn slips a business card into Nate's jacket, and leans in to whisper in his ear.

BRYNN (CONT'D)

Bruce Wayne doesn't just host parties you know.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - NIGHT

Nate rides alone in the back of the Sprinter Van as it crosses the Golden Gate Bridge. He turns over Brynn's business card in his hand - it's all black except for seven raised numbers.

He looks out the window, then hits the intercom button.

NATE

Stop here.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ed stands alone on a small platform at the top of The Golden Gate Bridge. You can see the whole city up here - the streets, the blocks, the patterns - how everything connects.

NATE (O.S.)

You remember the first time we came up here?

Nate clambers up the nearby ladder and joins him.

ED

Of course. We'd talk about changing the world.

NATE

That was the plan.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

Connect people, give a voice to those that didn't have one. But then somewhere along the way, maybe it changed.

Nate looks down at a GAP billboard with their faces on it.

NATE (CONT'D)

Or we changed.

(then)

Brynn's right - somehow we bred and empowered monsters.

ED

We are not responsible for the poisoning and pillaging of our intentions.

NATE

Why not?

Ed's not sure he can answer that. Instead...

ED

So then what? We go to work for the people that have secretly profiled us since we were 15? Give them the tools for Stalinist surveillance? That's the choice?

NATE

It's not just a choice - it's an opportunity. We started this - you know that.

ED

Not *this*.

NATE

Either way, we can get back to who we were, Ed. Back in that garage, you and me - trying to do some good.

ED

It's beyond a slippery slope.

NATE

Of course. Which is why we go in with our eyes open.

Ed's clearly conflicted here.

ED

It can't be permanent. It has to
be...

NATE

...one time. That's it. Trust me.

ED

For some reason, I always do.

Just then, Nate's Apple watch beeps. And they watch the power
grid light up all of San Francisco in the shape of '2B.'

NATE

I mean, it is a pretty good
promotional stunt.

ED

Not bad.

As these best friends stand side-by-side, overlooking all of
San Francisco...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. LOBBY - YOURLIFE HQ - MORNING

Millennial 'Lifer' KYLEE CHEUNG (23, direct, CS-math double concentration at Harvard) walks through YourLife's amazing, all-window, Presidio office lobby.

KYLEE

I was Lara Croft on Saturday. Harley Quinn on Sunday.

She flips her phone up in the air, and it's caught by...

Her co-worker, DERRICK JENKINS (excitable, dresses like Russell Westbrook in his hippest post-game presser).

He swipes through pics of Kylee 'cosplaying' as characters from video games and sci-fi movies. The outfits are elaborate, sexy, and empowering all at the same time.

DERRICK

How many Wonder Womans were there?

KYLEE

Wonder *Women*. It was a big con, so a lot.

He flips the phone back to her.

DERRICK

Who would I dress up as?

KYLEE

It's not dress-up. It's cosplay - fully inhabiting a character.

DERRICK

I'm thinking Black Lightning is a little on the nose.

They step in to an elevator.

KYLEE

What about Mario?

DERRICK

From the video game? As in overweight Italian plumber Mario?

KYLEE

Or Luigi. You look good in green.

He arches an eyebrow.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Just saying, man - don't be so
entrenched in your own casting.
Haven't you seen Hamilton?

The elevator doors close.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - YOURLIFE HQ - MORNING

The elevator doors open, and it's Nate and Tyler that step out onto the main floor of YourLife. Lot of exposed metal and distressed wood - and very few walls.

TYLER

Calling it a nightmare doesn't do it justice. In 24 hours, we've gone from the greatest tech company in the world to a dumpster fire. I owe calls to everyone from Warren Buffett to Kara Swisher to DC Young Fly.

NATE

Young Fly?

TYLER

He wants a quote about why Paulina dumped you.

NATE

I didn't know she had.

TYLER

That's actually a pretty good quote.

Employees swirl all around.

Tyler barely pauses to sign a set of documents, then another set - and then scan her thumb for an electronic notary.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Not only have people been talking about boycotting our site, we've been dealing with homemade worms, DDoS attempts, and fifty other kinds of micro-assaults from every bargain-basement hacker from Menlo Park to Mumbai. It's kinda like that attack at the party was a recruiting video.

NATE

More than kinda - trust me.

They pause outside her door - next to her nameplate that reads *Tyler McConnell - YourLife COO*.

TYLER

I know you guys have to lean in to this task force. But Nate, I'm not sure I can run this company on my own - even just for a bit.

NATE

The only thing I am sure of - is that you can.

She has to laugh.

NATE (CONT'D)

What?

TYLER

Those are exactly the words you used back in the day. In Ed's garage, when I was in-charge of 'stream-lining operations.'

NATE

Which meant getting ten more power-strips from Frys.

TYLER

And back-up hard drives that only had like 200 gigs each.

NATE

And of course, a giant bag of tacos from Ranchos on the way back.

Nate smiles - sharing the memory.

NATE (CONT'D)

Well, we got to two billion users. So clearly I was right.

He turns to go. But she stops him...

TYLER

We can't do what they ask. Publishing everything we do, our algorithms, how we connect everything, our secret sauce - that is YourLife. We'd be ruined if we gave that up. 531 billion dollar market cap - turned to dust in seconds.

NATE

I know. Which means we gotta get to them before they get to us.

INT. TASK FORCE BULLPEN - YOURLIFE HQ - MORNING

YourLife's top floor has been converted to a pseudo task force bullpen.

Bankers boxes litter the rows, as IT workers get the government CPU's onto YourLife's server.

Nate, Ed, Kylee, Derrick, and a few other YourLifers sit listening to Brynn.

BRYNN

The Tower, and cyber-crimes in general, crosses all borders and jurisdictions. That's why our task force pulls from Homeland, NSA, CIA, and like, Tom, here - the DOD.

She steps aside for a straight-laced guy with a military haircut. This is...

TOM

I'm Tom Shaw, just transferred over from the Pentagon. And yes, like Agent Ori said, we are up against a complex and faceless enemy. These are the new wars, and we are the soldiers that fight them.

Kylee arches an eyebrow.

KYLEE

Are you joking?

TOM

No.

KYLEE

Oh, sorry. You were just like super-earnest with that. But yeah, cool, new wars. Got it.

BRYNN

So we should get started. Ed, how do you want to handle granting us access to the servers?

ED

I don't.

BRYNN

Excuse me?

Nate sighs - almost like he saw this coming.

ED

We built the system with locks and walls everywhere and no backdoor. Even if we wanted to, we couldn't give you everything. And trust me, we don't want to.

BRYNN

We had a deal.

ED

Not for that.

Nate steps in the middle - as he often does with Ed.

NATE

Okay, of course, we all want to work together here. That was the point, Ed. But Brynn, he is right - privacy is fundamental to our system's DNA. It's not built to be accessed like a Google search engine.

BRYNN

Then what are we doing here?

ED

An excellent question.

Nate shoots a look to Ed - dude, stop. Then to Brynn...

NATE

Ed will hack Tyler's laptop to try and find geographic markers on the ghost protocol. Derrick and Kylee will scour the content of the video from the party, and I'll start walking Brynn and Tom through our less proprietary servers - which should still be valuable data. Everyone good with that?

EVERYONE

No!

NATE

Perfect.

Derrick shrugs - he tends to look at the positive...

DERRICK

You know what, I actually am pretty good with that.

INT. ED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ed wears over-sized headphones in his office as he hacks Tyler's laptop. He doesn't hear the 10-YEAR-OLD-BOY run up next to him.

When he sees him though, his face lights up...

ED

Henry!

HENRY

Hi Ed. Are you coding?

ED

I am coding, buddy. See here...

He points to his screen, walks Henry through.

ED (CONT'D)

I'm trying to back out out how a program remotely hacked into this CPU. It's tricky because it didn't trigger any of our internal security protocols.

HENRY

That is tricky.

Ed smiles.

SHERYL (O.S.)

Hey Henry - let's let Ed work.

Board member, Sheryl, approaches.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

It's my day for school pick-up. Hadn't planned on coming by here but...

ED

You wanted to make sure the building was still standing?

SHERYL

Something like that.

(then)

Hey Hen, give us a second, huh? I'll meet you at the snack machine.

As Henry scampers on his way, Sheryl sits opposite Ed.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Ed, I was your first investor. Which means I believed in you guys before anyone else.

ED

Correct. So?

Sheryl smiles. She's used to Ed's directness.

SHERYL

I know you think I just bust your balls about profits and revenue and everything else. But I'm proud of you guys for realizing the ethical responsibility here.

(then)

Just like back in the beginning, right?

INT. HALLWAY - YOURLIFE - DAY

An older picture of YourLife's founders. In a garage, it's Nate and Ed, Sheryl, Tyler, and just a few others.

We PULL BACK to see Brynn peering at where the picture hangs in a hallway. And as Tyler passes by...

BRYNN

Bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, and ready to change the world.

Tyler pauses - looks to the picture.

TYLER

Oh, right. Something like that.

BRYNN

But then it got complicated.

TYLER

Always does I guess.

BRYNN

Brynn Ori - cyber-command task force.

TYLER

Tyler McConnell - garage photo poser.

Brynn taps the picture, where Nate has his arm around Tyler.

BRYNN

You and Nate were close.

TYLER

We all were.

BRYNN

Of course.

Tyler takes her in for a beat.

TYLER

I'm sorry, can I help you with something?

BRYNN

Just getting the lay of the land.
All good.

They hold each other's look.

INT. TASK FORCE BULLPEN - YOURLIFE HQ - MORNING

Ed and Nate reconvene on the top floor - where Ed's mirrored Tyler's laptop to a flat screen.

BRYNN

How are we coming on a location?

But they don't answer her directly. They're too busy using their own shorthand - which has a shorthand.

NATE

Anonymous TOR-browser.

ED

Yup. Could be anywhere from Ukraine to Uganda.

NATE

But the VPN...

ED

I know.

NATE

Why didn't it set off all our gatekeepers?

ED

That is indeed the question.

As Ed speeds his hack, Brynn watches from behind him. Ed feels her presence and squirms in his seat.

ED (CONT'D)

Can you not do that?

BRYNN

Do what?

ED

Stand there.

Brynn rolls her eyes and steps to the side. As Ed finishes his hack - because he's found something. He looks to Nate.

ED (CONT'D)

I see it.

NATE

It's not from Ukraine. Not even close.

ED

It's internal. Here.

NATE

But not here here.

ED

No, obviously not.

Suddenly, they both stand - and head toward the door.

BRYNN

What the hell was that? Where are you going?

Kylee just shrugs - more than used to it.

KYLEE

They do that.

INT. YOURLIFE SHOWROOM - DAY

The YourLife downtown showroom - which is like an Apple Store meets a Tesla dealership meets E3. It's kind of insane.

There's a 3D-mapped VR area, phones projecting movies on the wall, a counter where virtual check-ins translate into physical prizes, and a slew of laptops demonstrating YourLife's functionalities and 3rd-party-app overlays.

When Nate and Ed show up, it's kinda like Michael Jordan walking into NikeTown. The customers go nuts.

But the 'what's ups' and the 'hey Nates' quickly turn into...

FAN #1

Hey Ed, why do you guys spy on us?

Ed stops in his tracks, turns.

ED

We don't.

FAN #1

Then why was my pin code on that big screen the other night?

ED

We're working on it.

As he passes by an employee, he points back toward the fan.

ED (CONT'D)

Give him a free laptop please.

He doesn't break stride. As Nate swings in behind with Brynn.

NATE

The reason Tyler's security wasn't triggered is that the hack didn't technically come from the outside.

They look out onto a sea of screens.

NATE (CONT'D)

It was already on one of our networks.

Brynn also notes the cameras all over the showroom.

BRYNN

Alright, so I'll start laying facial recognition software over the security cam footage to see who accessed what computers.

Ed overhears this, and brushes it off.

ED

You won't find anything. The darkness is the light.

As Ed moves to one of the CPU's and starts to run diagnostics...

NATE

What he means is that it's all done remotely. Obviously they would never physically come here.

Ed looks at his screen - cocks his head...

ED

They came here!

Brynn arches an eyebrow at Nate.

BRYNN

Obviously.

ED

They went old-school and physically did it right here. As a big ole middle finger to us.

Brynn continues to eye Nate.

BRYNN

I run a cyber-crime task force - not a lemonade stand. And before that, I may or may not have spent time at a certain agency where I broke complex code encrypted with 14 native dialects for a black ops raid in Pakistan that may or may not have vaporized a particularly nasty high-level target. This isn't my first rodeo. So if you two jackholes don't mind, maybe I will continue to cross-reference the video footage.

A chastened Nate nods. Thumbs up. As his phone rings...

NATE

Hey Sheryl, we're kind of in the middle of...whoa whoa, calm down.

In front of Ed, the computer screen wipes to black - as does every other monitor, tablet, and phone in the showroom.

Then all at once, those black screens turn into live feeds - of a little boy in an enclosed room.

SHERYL (O.S.)

(on phone)

He's gone! They took him!

Ed's expression tightens, as he looks at Henry on the screen - right next to a clock. It's counting down.

A message scrolls across every screen in the showroom:

You decided to come after us instead of meeting our demands. So now, we have come after you. You have 12 hours to release everything and sve_hlm.

Ed looks at the little boy on the screen, and his face courses with emotion.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

In a flashback, 7th grade Nate and Ed walk down the sidewalk. It's not the greatest neighborhood.

NATE

...And then he comes in my room and literally licks the cookie that I'm holding. Seriously - you're so lucky to be an only child.

ED

I guess. Alright, see you later.

NATE

What are you talking about? I thought we were gonna work on those connective algorithms some more.

ED

We were.

NATE

So let's just do it at your house. That way, my little brother won't bother us.

They stop at a corner.

NATE (CONT'D)

So which way?

Ed's uncomfortable, even squirrely.

INT. ED'S APARTMENT - FEW MINUTES LATER

Ed opens the door to a tiny, but meticulously clean apartment. There's a single bed, and a desk with two different computers.

ED

My Dad was never in the picture, and my Mom left me at an orphanage when I was 18 months old. Six different foster families had no interest or ability to interact with me.

NATE

So who do you live with now?

ED

A family that doesn't exist. I hacked the foster care server.

NATE

You live by yourself?

ED

It's better this way.

NATE

You can come live with us. Seriously - I'll ask my parents. My brother and I already share a bedroom - we can fit one more.

ED

It's better this way.

Off Ed, digging in his heels, we MATCH CUT TO...

EXT. EMBARCADERO - TWILIGHT

Ed - he's intense. Because, with Henry, now it's personal.

He rides shotgun in Nate's next-gen, electric Jaguar I-Pace. In the backseat, Brynn texts and talks...

BRYNN

Facial recog is gonna take time.

NATE

So is backing out their hack.

ED

Which they knew. So they gave us a ticking clock.

NATE

They went old school. We should too.

ED

You thinking?

NATE

Yep.

Brynn rolls her eyes.

BRYNN

Seriously - can you guys ever actually finish a sentence?

As Nate dials YourLife on his console screen...

NATE

They came to our showroom - which means this whole thing has at least a local component. But we can only tap into that with someone they know and trust.

BRYNN

And how you are you gonna do that?

Kylee's face pops up on the console screen.

KYLEE (on screen)

Yo.

NATE

Yo, we're setting out a honeypot. Need you to get perches ready for when the roaches scurry. Brynn will be back in ten to run point.

KYLEE (on screen)

On it.

Nate parks and steps out of the car...

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - TWILIGHT

...But Brynn's already out of the car too - and in his face.

BRYNN

FYI, Brynn speaks for herself. And she's going wherever you two are.

NATE

It's nothing against you. These guys just aren't the biggest fans of government types. Trust me on this.

Now it's Ed who rolls his eyes.

ED

Ugh. He always says that to me too.

Brynn eyes Nate for a beat, then finally, snatches his keys from him - and slides into the driver's seat.

NATE

So with that motor, you have to...

BRYNN

Seriously, dude?

She slams the accelerator to the floor, takes it 0-60 in 3.9, and leaves him in her literal dust.

NATE

Seems like she's got it.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - TWILIGHT

Nate and Ed approach the members-only social club, *The Battery* - where VC broskis sip moscow mules behind a velvet rope.

VC BROSKI #1

Dude, she wants a second-round at a 200 mil valuation, when she's not even profitable yet.

VC BROSKI #2

Dude, that's just embarrassing. She should...whoa.

They both snap necks as Nate and Ed walk past. And they keep right on going.

They go down an alley, and into a doorway under a sign that reads: *Sudo*.

INT. SUDO BAR - EVENING

In the diveiest of dive bars, Nate and Ed sit across from three people that we'll call BEARDED DUDE, TATTED-UP ASIAN GIRL, and EASTERN-EUROPEAN TRACKSUIT GUY.

ED

Thanks for meeting on short notice.

The bearded guy seems to be their leader. He goes only by his online handle: *digamma*.

DIGAMMA

Come on, Ed. You're a hacker's hacker. You have a standing invite here.

Digamma shoots a disdainful eye at Nate.

DIGAMMA (CONT'D)

Didn't realize you were bringing a +1 though.

NATE

Nice to see you too, digamma.

DIGAMMA

Run along, script kiddie. Don't you have a ribbon to cut? Or some board member to bl...

ED

We need to talk about The Tower.

DIGAMMA

What about them?

ED

You obviously saw the footage from the other night, read about the ransom.

TATTED-UP

And you want to know if we're involved?

NATE

Look, we're not making accusations.

DIGAMMA

Good thing.

Digamma and Nate bristle at each other. And now it's Ed that has to get in-between

ED

We were simply of the opinion that one cannot be involved in something that does not exist.

Digamma chooses his words carefully here.

DIGAMMA

There has been some chatter lately. About The Tower.

NATE

You're saying they're real?

DIGAMMA

We live in a virtual world - it's never that black or white. But there is talk of them ramping up - even recruiting.

ED

For what?

DIGAMMA

That's the question.

Digamma's conflicted here.

DIGAMMA (CONT'D)

We go way back, Ed. But right now, The Tower's going after Big Brother - attacking corporate greed.

(MORE)

DIGAMMA (CONT'D)

I'm telling you to your face that
I'm not a part of this - but I also
can't condemn it.

ED

What if I told you they've kidnapped
a child as ransom for their demands?

Hearing that, Digamma's face tightens.

DIGAMMA

I'd say hackers don't do that.

NATE

Tell that to The Tower.

Digamma's still conflicted. But now he's also pissed.

DIGAMMA

So in theory, *in theory* - what would
you want us to do?

ED

Just tell them the truth. That we're
hours away from closing in on them
because of their sloppy hacking. And
then let's see who responds.

DIGAMMA

The truth.

ED

Black and white.

INT. TASK FORCE BULLPEN - YOURLIFE HQ - EVENING

Back at YourLife, Derrick and Kylee work on their CPU's - as
Tom watches.

KYLEE

So, Tom, you know when Nate says
honeypot, there aren't actually bees
involved?

TOM

I'm new to the task force - not the
21st century.

DERRICK

Pleated khakis say otherwise, dude.

TOM

Ha ha, I get it. Make fun of the
unhip military guy.

KYLEE

On it.

DERRICK

Will do.

Kylee glances at her phone.

KYLEE

Digamma just posted his warning to the Tower. The honeypot is placed.

TOM

We've monitored these dark message boards for months. No luck.

KYLEE

Because you're not dressed right. And I don't mean your khakis.

She pulls up ten different message board interfaces - then toggles through different logins with lightning speed.

TOM

Whoa - how many usernames did you create?

KYLEE

Not just usernames. Fully inhabited characters. And I got 14 of them. They flag and tag anyone suspicious, so I wanted to create enough a chain if they took a look.

Tom's clearly impressed.

TOM

Not bad.

KYLEE

By talking about sloppy hacking, Digamma's giving them a warning and an insult at the same time. No way they can keep their mouth shut on that.

DERRICK

Now we see who squeals first.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - EVENING

Nate and Ed walk down Broadway.

NATE

There's nothing more we can do right now. We just gotta wait.

Ed nods, but he's clearly still troubled.

NATE.

Hey. We'll find him. I promise.

ED

You can't promise that based on the data so far.

An uber black pulls up, and Ed waves to the driver.

NATE

Where you going?

ED

I have to check on something.

NATE

Now? Any interest in telling me what?

Ed turns to Nate, considers that...and gets in the uber.

As Nate watches him go - his mind works. Maybe we did change.

INT. BARCINO RESTAURANT - EVENING

Supna walks in to an upscale restaurant, to find it completely deserted. But then, sees one person at the farthest table in the back. As she makes her way back...

SUPNA

We can go somewhere else. I didn't realize it was closed.

ED

It's not.

He holds up his cell.

ED (CONT'D)

I hacked Open Table to make every reservation. People can be kind of annoying.

SUPNA

(smiling)

Introverts unite.

INT. SAME - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Supna has her CPU up on the table in-between plates of tapas.

SUPNA

So. Your mother...

Supna accesses a drive marked *dark arts*. Her screen floods with both code and document pdf's.

SUPNA (CONT'D)

Still no progress on her job. Every record of it has been scrubbed. There are no time sheets, no friends, no nothing. You're sure it was a standard government bookkeeping position?

ED

I'm sure of nothing, but yes, those are the leads I had compiled.

SUPNA

The only way someone would leave this little of a footprint...

ED

...is if she really doesn't want to be found.

(then)

We need to take the next step.

SUPNA

Ed, that's...complicated.

ED

No, it's necessary.

She takes him for a beat. Then...

SUPNA

Why are you doing this with me?

ED

Because you're an excellent coder.

SUPNA

Nate hacked the DOD when he was fourteen.

ED

I also trust you.

SUPNA

He's your best friend.

Ed pauses here - chooses his words carefully.

ED

By definition, systems cannot remain static. They must evolve - in any number of ways.

Supna moves to him here, speaks to him gently...

SUPNA

Ed, what if not all questions are meant to be answered? What if every equation cannot be solved? What if sometimes, things...just...happen.

And Supna initiates a kiss.

SUPNA (CONT'D)

Do you want to be alone right now?

ED

When given that option, no one wants that.

INT. ED'S LOFT - SOMA - NIGHT

Ed and Supna continue to kiss as they stumble through the doorway of Ed's SoMa loft.

In the dim light, she unbuttons his shirt to reveal...a rock-hard body covered in tattoos.

She's surprised, but also turned on.

SUPNA

Always hiding something, aren't you.

She puts her scarf around his neck, and pulls him closer. And the kissing ramps up.

INT. NATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's late, and most of the lights are off at Nate's enormous, smart-homed mansion.

In his living room, he flips through that dossier of their early hacks.

After a beat, he pulls out a wireless keyboard - and starts throwing up video windows on his wall-sized flatscreen.

NEWS REPORT (on screen)

What was initially deemed a hostile cyber-attack on the Pentagon, was reclassified as the white hat hackers just wanted to highlight massive government over-spending.

Another overlapping window pops up...

ROUND TABLE (one screen)
Was the Arab Spring enabled by
technology? Of course. But who were
the actual people behind that tech?

And another...

VLOGGER (on screen)
They doxxed like all the dirty Enron
execs. These guys, whoever they are -
were the only ones to go after them.
So yo, if you like what you hear,
click the subscribe button below...

Nate's contemplative - letting himself go back to those days.

Until he sees Tyler walk right into his living room.

NATE
Um, hi.

Tyler almost jumps out of her skin.

TYLER
Holy...! I was wondering why the TV
was on.

NATE
I do live here, y'know.

TYLER
I know. I was just dropping off
these...potentially corporation-
destroying documents. And I still...

An awkward little smile, as she jingles her key chain.

NATE
So how's our company doing?

TYLER
Well, the board is in a tizzy,
journalists are hounding me hourly
for any tidbit, and all the entire
Valley can talk about is how YourLife
might go down.

NATE
Chum in the water.

TYLER
Little bit.

NATE
(beat, then)
Do you think I sold out?

TYLER
What? What do you mean?

NATE
Did I live up to the person that I
could've been? Or should things have
been different?

TYLER
Nate, you've followed your
professional dreams more singularly
than anyone I've ever met.

NATE
My *professional* dreams.

That hangs there for a beat. Until Nate pivots...

NATE (CONT'D)
Thanks for bringing this stuff by.
And just, for everything. Always.

TYLER
Sure.

Nate looks down at the files for a beat, but when he looks
back up, Tyler has stepped closer to him.

TYLER (CONT'D)
If you had other dreams, and they
didn't come true. That means they
weren't the right dreams. They
couldn't have been.

The two of them stand close to one another for a long
beat...until from outside - honk of a car horn.

TYLER (CONT'D)
My fiancée's outside.

NATE
I know.

TYLER
I should go.

NATE
I know that too.

And after one last lingering look - she does.

INT. NATE'S HOUSE/ED'S LOFT - NIGHT

In bed next to a sleeping Supna, Ed watches The Tower's video on Tyler's laptop.

VIDEO

We are the enemy.

He scrubs back, watches his own mouth move again...

VIDEO (CONT'D)

We are the enemy.

He's about to close the laptop - when a new message pops up:
To Nate; cc Tyler; From Sheryl; re: data.

Ed arches an eyebrow - just as his own phone buzzes with a text from Kylee: *perp flushed.*

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Supna stirs, then wakes. Her hand finds...an empty bed.

ED (O.S.)

I have to go.

Ed's dressed, and in the doorway.

SUPNA

I'll come with you. Maybe I can help.

ED

No. It's better this way.

SUPNA

You push everyone away. Don't you.

ED

(beat, then)

You terrify me. Because I don't want to push you away.

But he still goes.

And on Supna, emotional, but also hopeful in a strange way...

END ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. TASK FORCE BULLPEN - YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

On the top floor at YourLife, the whole team works together - as the clock continues to count down.

KYLEE

We got a list of usernames that interacted with digamma's post.

DERRICK

We then cross-checked those against existing NSA files on The Tower's previous hacks.

Derrick mirrors his screen to a flatscreen on the wall.

KYLEE

So these are kinda our targets.

BRYNN

What is kinda? I don't like kinda.

NATE

We still don't have the geographic triangulation - which is *kinda* the only thing that matters.

(then)

Ed.

ED

What?

NATE

You know what.

BRYNN

I swear, I'm literally going to shoot one of you the next time you do your little secret-speak.

ED

There's a backdoor into the server.

BRYNN

You mean the one you specifically said did *not* have a backdoor?

ED

Yeah, that one.

NATE

The one you're going to access.

ED

This is a police state.

NATE

No. It's Henry.

Ed takes that in. And moves to his CPU. And his fingers start to fly. The savant doing what he does best.

We see visual snippets: lines of code, YourLife handles...

TOM (V.O.)

Those aren't regular profiles.

NATE (V.O.)

They're shadow profiles - more detailed, more complete.

The list of suspicious usernames shortens.

NATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Technically, they don't exist.

BRYNN (V.O.)

To your board of directors? Or to the NSA?

The list shortens again.

NATE (V.O.)

I guess you tell me.

ED (V.O.)

There's one profile that tracks.

Ed leans back from his CPU to display a single dot blinking on a map on his screen. And a handle: *sve_urs3lf*.

ED (CONT'D)

There's the username.

Ed and Nate share a look at this. Then, to Brynn...

ED (CONT'D)

I could likely pick up an even more specific location with a directional antenna in close-range of his CPU.

BRYNN

Then congratulations. You're going on your first field assignment.

TOM (O.S.)
All SWAT units, we are go.

Kylee and Derrick wheel around to see Tom Shaw - with a SWAT kevlar vest, graf-tec helmet, and two ammo rounds.

DERRICK
Whoa.

KYLEE
Bad-ass.

INT. ARMORED SWAT VEHICLE - NIGHT

In the back of a SWAT BearCat Carrier, Tom Shaw slams a clip into his Glock, Brynn runs logistics through her comm...

BRYNN
All units hold position. On my mark.

Then there's Ed - who struggles with his bullet-proof vest.

ED
Is this on backwards?

Nate tries to reach in and help.

NATE
You have to fasten the thing.

ED
Here?

NATE
No, that's the back.

Brynn arches an eyebrow...

BRYNN
You guys good.

NATE.
Yup. Crushing it.

INT. HACKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hands type on keyboard - text appears on a screen - a message board of some type: *stay strong. trust in sve_urs3lf.*

The hands pause. This SHADOWY FIGURE tilts his head - he hears something.

He rises, and pulls the blinds open an inch - the heavy SWAT vehicle is just visible in the darkness outside.

He goes back to the screen, types - *in cross-hairs. initiate failsafe and Trojan horse contingencies.*

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT

Ed stares at a dilapidated high-rise building that extends up into a gray sky. And lowers his directional antenna.

ED

Somewhere around floors eight through ten based on the reflection from the phased array.

Brynn nods, and gives a silent go signal to a nearby SWAT officer. Then, back to Nate and Ed...

BRYNN

You guys maybe hang back here.
Shocking, I know.

As she leads Tom and the rest of the SWAT team toward that high-rise building, Ed turns to Nate.

ED

I know what you've done.

NATE.

What?

ED

That's what The Tower said. And I couldn't figure out why. Until I was on Tyler's CPU - she was copied on your email with Sheryl. You guys were beta-testing removing privacy from the data so you could sell it to big companies.

NATE

First off, that was *her* plan. I wasn't fully on-board with it. And I'd never fully implement it without you.

ED

You said 'fully' twice.

NATE

(beat, then)

We're under a ton of pressure to keep growing.

Ed shakes his head - disgusted. Then...

ED

This is why you wanted to go back to who we were so badly. Because of what you had become.

NATE

We're not twelve years old anymore. These are tough decisions.

ED

But they shouldn't be.

NATE

That's not fair, Ed.

ED

They took Henry because Sheryl was involved in this. *That's* not fair.

Nate reacts. Because that hurts. But just then...

CLANG - a shadowy figure leaps out of that building and onto a fire escape.

He takes the steps two-at-a-time, then leaps off the fire escape into a back alley.

Brynn flies out of an upper window, onto the fire escape herself in hot pursuit.

But the figure's fast - and has too much of a lead.

So Nate immediately takes off in that direction - leaving Ed to arch an eyebrow.

ED (CONT'D)

Really? This is what we do now? I'm a programmer.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT

Ed and Nate give chase - sprinting between buildings and over fences. Nate was the athlete, and it shows. But Ed slows, and goes down the wrong alley.

At full-speed, Nate rips around the corner of a building and...WHAM - gets a dumpster rolled right into his torso.

He drops - and watches the figure race away.

Until the BearCat carrier tears into the entrance of the alley at full speed.

It powerslides to a stop, blocking the way, and Brynn leaps down from the driver's seat - gun trained on the figure.

BRYNN

Hands! Now!

Off to the side, Ed catches back up to Nate.

ED

You understand that us giving chase makes no sense. She's exponentially better at all of this.

As the shadowy figure raises his hands, his hood falls off to reveal that he...is a *she* - 19-year-old GRACE DECKER, aka sve_urs3lf - her hair chopped jaggedly, with purple streaks.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

Back at YourLife, Brynn stalks around a conference room in front of a handcuffed Grace.

BRYNN

Tower foot soldier, Grace Decker. Or do you prefer I use your handle: *sve_urs3lf?*

GRACE

It's not a handle; it's a movement.

BRYNN

Is that what they're telling you? How noble.
(then)
Where's the boy, Grace?

GRACE

Where's the rabbit, Neo?

BRYNN

You think this is a joke? Because you're looking at twenty years minimum - more once we get into your CPU.

GRACE

Good luck with that.

BRYNN

Where is he?

GRACE

Everywhere and nowhere. Just like The Tower.

Grace then looks past a seething Brynn - to Nate and Ed.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Our demands were clear. And have not been met.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Brynn pulls aside Nate and Ed.

BRYNN

I've done hundreds of these. She won't be easy to break.

Her eyes flick over to the clock.

BRYNN (CONT'D)

And even if she does know something,
we won't get to it in the next five
minutes - which is all we've got.

KNOCK KNOCK - Nate and Ed turn to see Tyler.

TYLER

It's time.

INT. BOARD MEETING - YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

A massive conference table - around which the entire board
of directors sit.

NAEEMAH, a no-nonsense Marissa Mayer-type, stands and
addresses the group.

NAEEMAH

The board's recommendation is
definitive. Under no circumstances
can YourLife's data and privacy
tactics be made public. All due
respect to Sheryl, but we are a 531
billion dollar company. This is just
one child. If you look at it like
that, it's not a tough decision.

That hangs there for a beat. Until Nate stands...

NATE

I agree with you.

Ed's crushed by this. This is what it's come to.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's not a tough decision.

As Nate looks to Ed.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

A digital billboard in Potrero Hill hawks an energy drink.
Until the screen...TZZZSST...shorts out.

After a beat, it comes back on - showing Nate and Ed.

NATE (on screen)

Hi there. I'm Nate. This is Ed.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

At a gas station in Outer Sunset, they're on the digital screen at the pump.

NATE (on screen)
But you probably knew that already.
So why don't we address the rumors
about our company.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT

A group of skateboarders watch on a streaming tablet.

NATE (on screen)
Back in that garage way back when,
our initial goal for YourLife was to
connect people.

ED (on screen)
To provide a voice for those that
didn't have one.

INT. NOB HILL BAR - NIGHT

A TV above a bar displays the message.

ED (on screen)
And those are still our goals.

NATE (on screen)
But maybe we lost our way trying to
get there.

ED (on screen)
We did start to spy on you. But now,
we stop. And we also show you how.

INT. SFO TERMINAL - NIGHT

At SFO, every departure gate's screen at the airport shows Nate and Ed as well.

NATE (on screen)
On our website, you can now find
4000 pages of proprietary information
about our company. Our intentions,
our algorithms, our secret sauce.
From this moment on, we will be honest
and transparent.

ED (on screen)
The light is the light.

Tzzzzsst - the screen shorts to black.

INT. YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

The main floor of YourLife is chaos. On every screen around the office, it's no longer Nate and Ed...

ANCHOR #1 (on screen)
When the market opens, it will be
the single largest stock price drop
in the history of the NASDAQ.

ANCHOR #2 (on screen)
End of the road for the legend of
Nate and Ed. They built it - and now
they killed it. Doneso. Dead.

Phones are ringing, employees are scurrying, and in the middle of it all...Ed stands. By himself. Silent, unmoving.

We follow his gaze to see that he's still looking at that clock - which blinks...down...to...0:00.

Suddenly, it's replaced by live video footage...of a car.

Nate sees it too, and approaches Ed...

NATE
Where is that?

But Ed's already racing to the elevator.

INT. LOBBY - YOURLIFE - NIGHT

Just outside that all-window, Presidio office lobby - a self-driving car pulls up.

And after a beat, HENRY steps out. He's completely unharmed.

Sheryl rushes up and takes her son in a hug.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

Upstairs, Nate watches the scene play out on the live feed.

KYLEE (O.S.)
Something's going on.

Nate turns to find Kylee frantically key-stroking.

KYLEE (CONT'D)
Something's going after our servers.

NATE
How?

He moves over to her, as Derrick joins with his own CPU.

DERRICK

Some sort of hybrid gnarly malware.

Nate watches as they pull up diagnostics.

NATE

That doesn't make sense. It's like it's coming through an air-gapped system, reflecting back to a source.

KYLEE

That's impossible.

Nate realizes.

NATE

No. It's not.

As he races past Ed - coming off the elevator.

NATE (CONT'D)

It was a Trojan horse. She wanted us to bring her here.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

Nate sprints to the conference room, but all he finds is an unconscious Tom Shaw and pair of picked handcuffs. No Grace.

On that hacked YL laptop, the screen now reads: *server transfer partially complete.*

NATE (into his cell)

SHUT DOWN ALL ELEVATORS!

INT. YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

Ed's now on his CPU - frantically trying to stop Grace's spreading attack.

As he does, his phone rings - it's Supna.

ED

I'm going to need to call you back.

SUPNA

The next step...it worked...

ED

You're cutting out.

SUPNA

Ed, you were born...fall of communism...Eastern Europe...your
(MORE)

SUPNA (CONT'D)
mother...high-level security
clearance.

ED
Supna, I can't hear you.

SUPNA
It all connects. *To The Tower.*

Ed freezes - then toggles a screen, and looks at the server
Grace targeted: *dark arts.*

INT. STAIRWELL - YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

A janitor's bucket and mop sit on a stairwell landing.

INT. YOURLIFE HQ - NIGHT

Ed's more frantic now. As Supna continues...

SUPNA
I'll explain in a second.

ED
Wait, where are you?

SUPNA
Right outside, coming to meet you.

Ed races to the window, sees Supna - but then also the same
driverless car that delivered Henry.

It suddenly turns right toward her.

ED
SUPNA!

But it's too late, because just a few feet from her, the car
EXPLODES in a giant fireball.

ED (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOO!!!!!!

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE YOURLIFE - NIGHT

A YourLife JANITOR steps out onto the street. But as he looks
up, it's GRACE - with a cap pulled low over her purple hair.

She pauses to take in the burning car. She's not happy -
more like conflicted. But she steels herself, looks at the
thumb drive in her hand, and slips off into the night.

END ACT 4

ACT 5

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN

San Francisco at dawn - the streets, the blocks, the patterns - how everything connects.

INT. WINDOW - YOURLIFE HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

Ed looks out the window on that city - his gaze vacant.

As we hear a VO from board member, Naeemah...

NAEEMAH (V.O.)

It was the board's unanimous decision to place Ed Hiccox and Nate Graft on indefinite leave from their responsibilities leading this company.

Behind him, Ed's belongings are packed into boxes.

INT. HALLWAY - YOURLIFE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

As Nate steps out of a conference room, the VO continues...

NAEEMAH (V.O.)

But after a small but vehement contingent argued otherwise, we have chosen to reinstate them as special advisors. They will liaison with a governmental task force to prevent further attacks on YourLife in the future.

Nate turns to go, when someone steps out after him...

TYLER (O.S.)

Hey you.

Nate turns to see Tyler. And he preempts her...

NATE

Look, I get it. We just kneecapped the biggest social media company in the world and made your life a living hell in the process.

TYLER

I was just going to say - I thought I was proud of you before.

That lands for Nate - in a big way. Then...

NATE

You wouldn't happen to know who the small but vehement contingent was - would you?

She shrugs, but also smiles. Then...

TYLER

Oh look at that. Bummer.

On the monitor nearby...

TV HOST (on screen)

Social media starlet, Paulina, has now scrubbed all pics of Nate Graft from her feed - and says they never even dated.

Nate smiles ruefully, then turns back to Tyler. But she's already gone.

INT. HALLWAY - YOURLIFE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

As Ed sits alone in his office, we MATCH CUT TO...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

In a flashback, Ed sits in the principal's office with a social worker.

SOCIAL WORKER

We have reason to believe that Ed lives alone.

PRINCIPAL

Ed? Is that true.

Ed doesn't answer - he keeps his gaze on the floor.

SOCIAL WORKER

He'll need to be placed into another home somewhere.

NATE (O.S.)

Um, excuse me?

They turn to see Nate in the doorway.

NATE (CONT'D)

I think there's been a mistake. If you check your computer, it's probably fixed by now. Ed's lived with my family for a little while now.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Outside the school, Nate and Ed walk side-by-side.

NATE

You don't actually have to live with
us. But I'm here if you need me.

Ed doesn't answer. He simply moves to Nate - and hugs him.

As we CUT BACK TO...

INT. ED'S OFFICE - YOURLIFE HQ - MORNING

Ed sits at his desk. His gaze vacant, he's very much alone -
disconnected in every way.

NATE (O.S.)

How is she?

He turns to see Nate in the doorway.

ED

Unresponsive. But stable.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Supna lies unconscious in a hospital bed, hooked to a
ventilator.

INT. ED'S OFFICE - YOURLIFE HQ - MORNING

Back in their office...

ED

We were looking for my birth mother.
Traditional tactics failed, so we
took the next step - an SMB Worm to
access even the most encrypted
government servers - where I thought
I could find answers.

NATE

The last thing you have to do is
explain anything to me. Especially
after the Sheryl thing. Which is
done by the way.

ED

Fully done?

Nate reads the tiniest hint of a smile around Ed's mouth.

NATE

That's funny - when did you get funny?

ED

Apparently, right after my company
lost 95 percent of its value.

Nate smiles. Then...

ED (CONT'D)

It's probably time to be honest with
each other.

NATE

It's past time.

INT. TASK FORCE BULLPEN - YOURLIFE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Out in the bullpen, Tom stands behind Kylee's CPU when Derrick
comes in. He's got on a typically hip shirt and....

TOM

Nice khakis.

Sure enough, Derrick's rocking a pair of khakis. They might
be rolled up over a pair of vintage J's, but they're sure as
hell pleated.

DERRICK

What can I say, Tom Shaw - I like
your style.

Kylee smiles as she pulls up facial recognition stills from
the YourLife showroom and the two billion user party.

KYLEE

Alright, boys - time to meet our
targets.

She types: *The Tower - John/Jane Doe 1,2,3.*

Brynn stops by to supervise for a beat, then continues on to
a quiet place in a hallway - where she takes a call.

BRYNN

Yes, sir, with orchestrated prompting,
the board acted in the optimal manner.

INT. TYLER'S NEW OFFICE - YOURLIFE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Tyler moves inside a new, bigger office.

There's a box of business cards waiting for her on a massive
glass and steel desk: *Tyler McConnell - Acting CEO.*

Her engagement ring catches the light. As her mind works.

INT. HALLWAY - YOURLIFE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Brynn continues her call...

BRYNN

With last night's events, there's even more motivation for them.

INT. ED'S OFFICE - YOURLIFE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Ed lays Supna's scarf on the edge of his desk. He then turns to where he's projected YourLife posts, code, and maps onto the wall - an insane amount of data.

ED

The Tower tells their low-level hackers that this is about defending privacy and going after corporate greed.

NATE

Which they do by hacking, stealing, and creating general chaos with our company and others.

ED

Correct. And a lot of those monsters are still on our servers. We'll have to continue to battle all of that. But something larger is going on.

Ed adjusts inputs, and FIFTEEN GREEN DOTS pop up on the map.

ED (CONT'D)

Just a short-hand, but these are all hacks tied back to The Tower.

Nate studies them...

NATE

Ransomware - they've blackmailed companies for millions.

ED

Correct. Just like they ransomed us.

NATE

But now they have your SMB worm.

ED

Which can burrow into more than just companies.

NATE

It can get into anything.

INT. HALLWAY - YOURLIFE HQ - CONTINUOUS

From the hallway, Brynn watches Nate and Ed through the office window. She's still on the phone...

BRYNN

He's unaware that we know about the SMB Worm on the dark arts server - or certainly what we want to do with it. We will proceed as planned.

INT. ED'S OFFICE - YOURLIFE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Ed and Nate continue to put it together...

NATE

With the power in that worm, they could take control of any connected device, hack into the infrastructure of entire cities, even operate a missile launch system.

ED

How much money would the world pay to avoid nuclear war?

NATE

All of it.

ED

They're telling their foot soldiers that it's about principles.

NATE

When really it's a much bigger conspiracy - about money, power, and who knows what else.

INT. HALLWAY - YOURLIFE HQ - CONTINUOUS

In the hallway, Brynn finishes up her call...

BRYNN

No sir, I don't anticipate any other surprises.

INT. ED'S OFFICE - YOURLIFE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Ed looks at that wall of information - an overwhelming amount of data, with no discernible order to it.

ED

Supna said it was all related - The Tower, my past, my mother. Going all the way back to the beginning

NATE

I thought we didn't start this.

ED

Unless we did.

And we CUT TO...

EXT. CRAPPY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - FLASHBACK

A dilapidated high-rise apartment building extends up into a gray sky.

INT. ED'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Inside, in his tiny apartment, seventh-grade Ed shows Nate the early prototype of a network on his old Toshiba.

Nate's blown-away...

NATE

These connective algorithms are revolutionary. We could either build something really awesome, or really scary.

ED

I think I know which one.

NATE

Yeah, why's that?

ED

Because we're not the bad guys.

They share a smile, as Ed navigates around.

ED (CONT'D)

I just threw all the beta stuff in here.

Ed clicks on a folder marked, *The Tower*.

And then, next to the flashing login prompt, he types: *sve_urs3lf*.

The cursor blinks...blinks...blinks.

And as Ed hits enter, we...SLAM TO BLACK.

END PILOT